



NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK.



Carrye—I didn't accept Fred the first time he proposed.
Edna—I know you didn't—you weren't there.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Lover's Quarrel.

Since you desire that we should part, and, taking each his own, should render back with honest heart what was the other's loan, before my gems, which at your feet I poured, I want those kisses sweet I gave a hundredfold; Then when in turn you claim your due You will not find that I withhold All those I had from you.—Chicago Tribune.

In Search of Information.

"What a methodical fellow you are, Dobbs!" said Filkins, who had stepped into Dobbs' office during the latter's absence.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Dobbs.

"To think that you should lock all your drawers up when you are only going out for five minutes. 'Tisn't likely that anybody would meddle with your papers."

"Of course not," replied Dobbs; "but how did you find out that the drawers were locked?"—Tit-Bits.

EASILY SHOWN.



"Say, Mr. Bear, have you seen my brother?"
"Yes; if you have got an X-ray machine I'll show him to you."—Chicago American.

The Feminine View.

"Mamma," asked small Floramay, "was the earth created before man?"

"Certainly, my dear," replied her mother.

"Why was it?" continued the little inquisitor.

"It was probably known," explained the wise woman, "that it would be the first thing he'd want after his arrival."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Affinity.

I'd never seen her face before, yet some affinity divine Us two must link, for as I gazed She turned her head and that turned mine.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.



"Wondah if those girls are talking about us, old fellow."

"Dunnaw, I awaked 'em, and they said they were talking about one thing and another."—Chicago Tribune.

Sorry He Spoke.

"At least," said the young man who was getting ready to spring a proposal, "I'm sure your heart is in the right place."

"I'm so glad you are sure," replied the fair bunch of feminine sweetness, "for I gave it to your cousin Fred last night."—Chicago Daily News.

Weak in Acoustics.

"How do you like the new preacher, Jimmy?"
"I think he ort to holler louder; he don't keep me an' pa awake."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Hard Hit.

First Old Lady (in street car)—There's a case of love at first sight. See that young man hanging to that strap near the door, and that pretty girl in the corner?

Second Old Lady—Yes.

First Old Lady—When she came in he jumped as if he was shot by a dart straight from Cupid's bow. He jumped all the way up, too, and gave her his seat.

Judicial Sarcasm.

"What is your age, madam?" asked the judge of a witness.

"Thirty," she replied.

"Thirty what?" asked his honor.

"Thirty years, of course," snapped the fair witness.

"Beg pardon," said the judge, "I thought perhaps it was 30 months."—Chicago Daily News.

His Miss-Take.

A young strenuous Mr. Called on a maiden and Mr. Said she: "Go ahead, You're not my beau, To you I can be but a sr."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A VICTIM OF HARD LUCK.



"Prof. Stickinmud is very unfortunate with his inventions. He blew up with his new gasoline launch and fell in the lake with his improved air ship."—Pilegende Blaetter.

Much Ado, Etc.

He fished all day and he fished all night, With nary a nibble and nary a bite, And then to his friends, with his lying tail, He made a lot out of nothing at all.—Cleveland Leader.

Evaded Walking.

Silas—Old Bender had a terrible skate on last night.

Cyrus—That's strange. Thought his wife said he should never put a foot in her yard if he'd been drinking?

Silas—Oh, he didn't have to put his foot in it. Some one brought him home in a wheelbarrow.—Chicago Daily News.

Fooled Again.

I bought some patent leather shoes, (It really makes me tired) I've only worn them three weeks and The patent has expired.—N. Y. Telegram.

TO CHEAT JUSTICE.



"Well, Pat, I heard your brother was sent to prison for life."

"Yes, but he's so delicate he'll never live to complete th' sentence."—Chicago Journal.

None Omitted.

"My wife told me when I got in at two o'clock this morning that she didn't propose to waste any words on me."

"Ah! you were in luck."

"Not much! She didn't waste any words; she used every one in her vocabulary."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Parental Wisdom.

"I shouldn't think the Smiths would name their new baby John—there are so many John Smiths."

"That's a good thing one way. If his name ever gets in the 'police reports' folks won't know whether it's he or some other John Smith."—Puck.

A Particular Lady.

Mrs. Nuritch—I think I'll take this watch. You're sure it's made of refined gold.

Jeweler—Certainly.

Mrs. Nuritch—Because I do detest anything that ain't refined.—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Preference.

"Joannie, what dentist do you prefer to draw that tooth?"

"Well, grandpop, I believe I'd rather have one of these he's fellers that gives the absent treatment."—Chicago American.

CALLS HARVARD MEN STUPID

Prof. Baker of University Declares Average Undergraduate Shows Sad Lack of Imagination.

Prof. George P. Baker, of the English department in Harvard university, told the members of the School Teachers' association of New York city the other day how difficult—almost impossible—it is to teach the average undergraduate.

"There is a great lack of information, especially correct information, among the undergraduates," he said, "as to current events and matters of essential moment to undergraduate life. There is, too, a singular lack of imagination. He is unable to look at things from the other man's point of view. This is shown largely in the college editorial. I have read hundreds of them, and they usually are resolved into two classes, either balanced so nicely on the edge that they can fall one way or the other with rapidity as college sentiment changes, or very skillfully hiding a slight idea in a mist of words."

"I don't see the solution and I don't know who is responsible. I believe that the college is partly responsible, but there are other things which contribute. It is pretty hard to plunge a boy into Harvard elective system. He wants to take everything in sight. With the standards of admission to the college so high, the work of the preparatory school is to cram the boy's mind full of facts. In the college we have not time to correlate these facts, and too often he is sent out of the college with a mind like a desk with pigeon-holes—there is something in all of them, but he has not attained the proper attitude toward learning, literature and citizenship."

LONDON HAS OCCULT FAD.

Society Folks' Latest Craze Is a Game of Magic Crosses Known as "Chromoscopy."

London society loves nothing so much as the occult, and the latest craze seems to be a game of magic crosses termed "Chromoscopy." These crosses, which are small in size and of various colors, are laid on a table in a straight line, and the person who experiments holds a magnet which moves slowly up and down the long line. One by one, but in rotation, the crosses are attached to the magnet, and when at last all are arranged in order an expert can gain an insight into the character and the future fate of the experimenter.

The name and date and if possible the hour of birth must be written down in advance.

Society folk seem keen on this new cult, and even cabinet ministers have consulted the magic crosses.

FIND VALUABLE MASTODON.

Well-Preserved Form of Huge Animal Is Unearthed in the Yukon Territory.

The complete form of a mastodon has been discovered at Hillsdale, on Quartz creek, in the Yukon country. It was imbedded 38 feet in the earth when found and it necessitated the use of a steam thawing plant to unearth the immense animal.

The hair and skin of the beast are in a perfect state of preservation, although the flesh is somewhat decomposed, and the big tusks, which remain fastened to the skull, are in good condition.

It is estimated that the skeleton is worth about \$50,000, as there are but one or two of them in existence in as good a condition as this.

The mastodon was discovered buried in an old channel, well in the zone of almost perpetual frost, which accounts for the good shape it is in.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, June 18.		
CATTLE—Common	\$3 25	@ 4 50
Heavy steers	5 75	@ 6 25
CALVES—Extra		@ 5 25
HOGS—Ch. packers	5 25	@ 5 30
Mixed packers	5 05	@ 5 20
SHEEP—Extra	4 15	@ 4 25
LAMBS—Spring	6 90	@ 7 00
FLOUR—Spring pat.	5 10	@ 5 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 02½	@ 1 05½
No. 3 winter		@ 1 00
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 50
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@ 42½
RYE—No. 2	78	@ 80
HAY—Ch. timothy		@ 14 25
PORK—Clear family		@ 14 95
LARD—Steam		@ 6 20
BUTTER—Ch. dairy		@ 11
Choice creamery		@ 19½
APPLES—Choice	2 75	@ 3 25
POTATOES—Per bbl	4 00	@ 4 25
TOBACCO—New	5 25	@ 12 25
Old	4 75	@ 14 50
Chicago.		
FLOUR—Winter pat.	4 55	@ 4 65
WHEAT—No. 2 red	98	@ 1 00
No. 3 spring	85	@ 92
CORN—No. 2 mixed	48	@ 49
OATS—No. 2 mixed	41	@ 41½
RYE—No. 2		@ 75
PORK—Mess	12 50	@ 12 55
LARD—Steam	6 75	@ 6 77½
New York.		
FLOUR—Win. str's	4 85	@ 4 95
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 1 07½
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 56
OATS—No. 2 mixed	45	@ 47
RYE—Western		@ 70
PORK—Family		@ 14 00
LARD—Steam		@ 7 10
Baltimore.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 1 02
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 52½
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@ 41
CATTLE—Steers	5 75	@ 6 00
HOGS—Western		@ 5 45
Louisville.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 1 05
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 51½
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@ 44
PORK—Mess		@ 13 50
LARD—Steam		@ 6 50
Indianapolis.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 1 05
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 49
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@ 41½

PUT SUGAR IN THE SOUP.

Smith Thought It Was Tea; Then He Deliberately Lied Out of It.

There had been a glorious game of golf, followed by a jolly dinner at the club house, relates the Chicago Record-Herald. Sometimes it is not the correct thing to tell even a truthful story with real names, hence it happens that it was the Joneses who gave the spread and the person that happened in was Smith.

Smith is really a man of parts, wealthy, intelligent and genial, and usually knows what's what, but he is not given to swell affairs and is not dressy, withal.

A business call had taken Smith to the club house, and Jones, seeing him, called him to the table after the others and began. Soon as he was seated, being preoccupied by salutations from other persons at the table that he knew, he was absentmindedly sweetening the cup at his elbow, when Mrs. Jones, hoping to make the matter quite plain to this plain man, said, shrilly:

"Ah—Mr. Smith—that is the soup."

"Yes, thank you," Smith nonchalantly replied. "Yes, I understand. But I always sweeten my bouillon," with the slightest emphasis on "bouillon." But Smith was at that moment a prevaricator, to put it mildly. He really thought the cup was tea, and probably never tasted sweetened bouillon in his life.

Disappointment.

The young man with the swell suit, slender frame, and jaunty air, was conscious of being observed.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw that the people on the other side of the street were looking at him as he sauntered along.

A sign on a letter box, "Fresh Paint," attracted his attention.

He stopped and looked at it.

But he did not touch it.

He turned, instead, and looked at the people on the other side of the street through his monocle.

Then he resumed his sauntering.

Some men are too contrary to live.—Chicago Tribune.

Strong Language.

Fredericksburg, Ind., June 20.—Rev. Enoch P. Stevens, of this place, uses strong language in speaking of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and he gives good reasons for what he says:

"I can't praise Dodd's Kidney Pills too much," says Mr. Stevens. "They have done me so much good. I was troubled with my kidneys so much that I had to get up two or three times in the night, and sometimes in the day when starting to the waterhouse the water would come from me before getting there. Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me entirely."

"I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to many people, and have never yet heard of a failure. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the things for Kidney Disease and Rheumatism."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the Kidneys. Good Kidneys ensure pure blood. Pure blood means good health.

Wanted All to Know.

Ida—Emily captured that young man at last.

Ida—I don't think she liked the way the engagement was announced, though.

May—How did she want it announced?

"Through a megaphone."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

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A wonderful powder that cures tired, hot, aching feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Ask to-day for Allen's Foot-Ease. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Chicago man applies for a divorce, claiming that he was in a trance when he was married. That won't do; they all feel that way at the time.—Indianapolis Journal.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

The party line telephone puts neighborhood gossip on a mechanical basis. This is a time-saving age.—Chicago Tribune.

Into every life some rain must fall. This proverb explains why so many persons look like water tanks.—Chicago Journal.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Marriage is a lottery, but all men are born gamblers.—N. Y. Times.



Mrs. Fairbanks tells how neglect of warning symptoms will soon prostrate a woman. She thinks woman's safeguard is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance and neglect are the cause of untold female suffering, not only with the laws of health but with the chance of a cure. I did not heed the warnings of headaches, organic pains, and general weariness, until I was well nigh prostrated. I knew I had to do something. Happily I did the right thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound faithfully, according to directions, and was rewarded in a few weeks to find that my aches and pains disappeared, and I again felt the glow of health through my body. Since I have been well I have been more careful. I have also advised a number of my sick friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and they have never had reason to be sorry. Yours very truly, MRS. MAY FAIRBANKS, 216 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn." (Mrs. Fairbanks is one of the most successful and highest salaried traveling saleswomen in the West.)—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

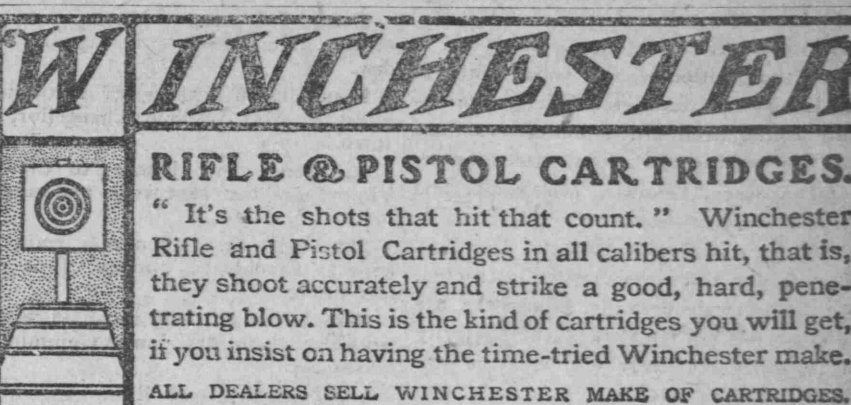
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Feel bad today?

Over-eating, working and drinking may have caused it, or you may have caught cold. Makes you feel mean—bad taste—and a headache. Go upon our advice just once and take



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